

# ABE MARTIN'S ALMANACK



KIN  
HUBBARD









# Abe Martin's Almanack



# ABE MARTIN'S ALMANACK

BY  
KIN HUBBARD

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Being a Faithful Full Year's Record of the Sayings and  
Doings of Abe Martin and his Neighbors, together  
with Biographies of the Same and Much Valuable  
Information for Those Who Prefer to  
Live by Agriculture, along with Miss  
Fawn Lippincut's Spirited Replies  
to Timely Questions from  
Many Sources.

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ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

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One Dollar Net

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To my old and esteemed friend,  
Romeo Johnson,  
I dedicate this little volume



**To Kin Hubbard—  
the Father of His Countryman,  
Abe Martin:**

**ABE MARTIN!**—dad-burn his old picture!  
P'tends he's a Brown County fixture—  
A kind of comical mixture

Of hoss-sense and no sense at all!  
His mouth, like his pipe, 's allus goin',  
And his thoughts, like his whiskers, is  
flowin'—

And what he don't know ain't worth knowin'—  
From Genesis clean to baseball!

The author, Kin Hubbard, 's so keerless  
He draws Abe 'most eyeless and earless;  
But he's never yit pictured him cheerless  
Er with fun 'at he tries to conceal—  
Whuther onto the fence er clean over  
A-rootin' up ragweed er clover,  
Skeert stiff at some "Rambler" er "Rover"  
Er new fangled automobeel.

It's a purty steep climate old Brown's in;  
And the rains there his ducks nearly drowns in  
The old man hisse'f wades his rounds in

As ca'm and serene, mighty nigh,  
As the old handsaw hawg, er the mottled  
Milch-cow, er the old rooster wattled  
Like the mumps had him 'most so well  
throttled

That it wuz a pleasure to die.

But best of 'em all's the fool-breaks 'at  
Abe don't see at all, and yit makes, 'at  
Both me and you lays back and shakes at

His comic, miraculous cracks,  
Which makes him—clean back of the power  
Of genius itse'f in its flower—  
This Notable Man of the Hour,  
Abe Martin, the Joker on Facts.

*Very truly your old Hoosier friend*

**JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY**

Indianapolis, Indiana.

# KIN

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Kin Hubbard! Why "Kin"? What does that "Kin" stand for? "Hubbard" is a name we all know; it is fairly common. But "*Kin*"? For years, knowing him, I puzzled myself about why that was his name. I kept wondering why he had chosen it and from what he had abbreviated it. And then it came to me that he had not purposely done it. It just happened on him. At any rate, he awoke one morning and found that one touch of nature had indeed made the whole world Kin's.

BOOTH TARKINGTON



# **Abe Martin's Almanack**

# ABE MARTIN'S

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Abe Martin

*Drawn by Gaar C. Williams, from a daguer-  
reotype taken on the tenth anniversary  
of the signing of the commercial  
treaty between the United  
States and the Otto-  
man Porte*



# A L M A N A C K

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Ther's no conjection o' traffic on  
Easy Street.



A firm chin is helpless without a  
stiff upper lip.



You never see idleness and worry  
arm in arm.



Two hobbles make a harem.



Tell Binkley found two dollars in a  
ole vest yisterday an' he can't think  
who he owes 'em to.



It's funny folks can't eat soup with-  
out thinkin' ther bailin' out a cistern.



# ABE MARTIN'S

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Tell Binkley has traded his sister's farm fer a new torpedo shaped racin' car.



Th' feller that takes a drink with a stranger an' his watch er soon parted.



Ex-editur Cale Fluhart has come out flat footed fer th' licensed saloon as he says a fellow will sometimes pay fer his paper after he's been drinkin'.



Ther' haint nothin' as demoralizin' as a holiday.



I hate t' eat by a feller that holds his arms like a snare drummer.

# A L M A N A C K

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A bank never loses a opportunity t' close.



A loafer must feel funny when a holiday comes along.



Melodeon Hall is t' be whitewashed on th' inside as it smells like a justice o' th' peace office.



Any boy would rather have a spoonful o' castor oil than a education.



It's nice t' live in a little town where you don't have t' give some-buddy a dime t' hold your overcoat.

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Curt Hedges, o' th' Fin de Siecle tonsorial parlor, has organized a quartet. He has a deep thick voice like a bumble bee in a jug.



One advantage o' livin' in a little town is that you er absolutely sure t' see at least one performance o' St. Elmo ever' season.



What's become o' th' ole fashioned girl that used t' say "lips that touch wine shall never touch mine?"



Somebuddy wuz seen comin' out o' our Carnegie library Wednesday forenoon.

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A feller allus speaks o' goin' with a widow like it wuz somethin' smart.

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Fun is like life insurance, th' older  
you git th' more it costs.



If it wuzn' fer good fer nothin' triflin'  
fellers, who'd peddle sassafras?



A uniform an' a celluloid collar er  
inseparable.



If ther's anything a public servant  
hates t' do it's somethin' fer th' public.



A feller haint married very long till  
he begins t' buy mud colored shirts.



If ther's anything worse than big  
business it's mighty small business.

# A L M A N A C K

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Th' only time some fellers ever dig in th' garden is jist before they go a fishin'.



What's become o' th' ole time girl that used t' wait patiently till th' right feller come along?



Mrs. Aaron Shot has dropped out o' the Art Embroidery Club and subscribed fer a newspaper.



Lafe Bud is gitten' t' look so shabby he only shows up on dress suit occasions.



Miss Fawn Lippincut talks some o' goin' on th' stage in a film so she won't have t' walk home.

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Who remembers th' good ole fashioned days when th' only time you smelled bacon wuz when you passed a workin' man's home?



Some fellers wear a suit o' clothes so long ther in style two er three times without knowin' it.



Lafe Bud says he's got a uncle that dresses so well he heats his home with suit boxes.



Nothin's as aggrevatin' as gittin' a circular when you're lookin' fer money.



Tell Binkley entertained a lot o' green relatives on St. Patrick's Day



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You'll allus' find th' same ole Saturday night crowd everywhere but home.



Madame Neuralgia, th' clairvoyant, has rented a room next t' th' barber shop. She unravels th' past, tells you where your umbrella is, an' how t' keep from buyin' a pianner.



Miss Tawney Apple is organizin' a hammerless card club.



Say what you please about a fly, it allus sticks t' its home paper.



Th' trouble with havin' friends is th' upkeep.

# ABE MARTIN'S

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I was just thinkin' about th' ole Bryan banquets — wilted lettuce an' tri-colored ice cream.



What's become o' th' dentist that used t' fill your mouth full o' rubber an' then ask you about your folks?



If at first you don't succeed don't try again.



Th' leader o' th' orchestra at Melodeon Hall has a new black sweater.



Th' great struggle o' labor seems t' be t' do so much an' keep from doin' any more.

# A L M A N A C K

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## MISS FAWN LIPPINCUT

Besides being a finished recitationist and a tasty trimmer Miss Fawn Lippincut is just roguish enough to buy chewing gum at a cigar store or get a seat on a dollar excursion. Miss Lippincut gets her dramatic instinct from her father, who was a hostler with Grady's circus and later wrote some creditable callopie scores. Miss Lippincut, in tenderly recalling various incidents in her father's life, relates that the notes of the callopie scores were as large as croquet balls and beautifully executed. "Don't Go Down Town After Supper, Father, Dear"



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is from the pen of Miss Lippincut, and she is also the author of several short stories that are somewhere in the East, not having been returned to her.

Miss Lippincut is single and happy, and will continue her literary work, not caring to be a trained nurse.

# A L M A N A C K

Don't worry over trouble, it never broke a date yet.



Th' guests o' th' New Palace hut-tel were aroused at nine o'clock this mornin' by th' fumes from a hot box on th' roller towel an' rushed frantically into the streets thinly clad.



While goin' after fishin' worms in a field where his wife wuz plowin' Tipton Bud found a Indian dart.



A good natured feller gits all th' thankless jobs.



There's a reason fer ever'thing — unless it is side whiskers.

# ABE MARTIN'S

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A feller never knows what he would o' done till he's been married a couple o' years.



Miss Fawn Lippincut will probably stop her literary work 'cause she writes so legibly.



Ole Aaron Shot, whose wife died Monday, was married agin last night. When th' boys started t' bell him he come t' his door an' said, "Shame on you, don't you know ther wuz a funeral here not three days ago?"



Th' trouble with banquets is that they set you so close t'gether it knocks th' peas off your knife.

# A L M A N A C K

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## HON. EX-EDITOR CALE FLUHART

Hon. Ex-editor Cale Fluhart was born of Republican parents in a county that was overwhelmingly Democratic and became the sole support of his entire family at a tender age. His early life was just one long, continuous combat with about everything that is liable to happen to a fellow who is in the minority and without funds.



One bright morning young Fluhart took over a country newspaper called *The Gazette-Banner-Ledger* in a horse trade and at once set about to change its political leanings to suit the general contour of his home county. In a short time he worked up to

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an alpaca coat and commenced to look like a regular editor. With due bills on every store in town he soon became the envy of the whole country side. Accepting a lavish offer for his holdings he bought *The Shield of Liberty* in northern Ohio. After some weeks he traded *The Shield of Liberty* for *The Roundhead Bugle*, which he published for several days before buying *The Herald of Truth* in southern Ohio, which he subsequently sold in order to give his full attention to *The Democratic Lance*, a new paper which he had established the week before in the Western Reserve. Selling *The Lance* and buying *The Union* in eastern Ohio, Mr. Fluhart once more directed his energies in behalf of the Republican party. Being defeated for postmaster Mr. Fluhart changed the political tone of *The Union* and later traded it for a thriving Democratic paper in Georgia. After an unsuccessful race for the nomination for Attorney General of Georgia Mr. Fluhart sold out and launched a Republican paper in one of the river counties of Ohio. Being defeated for the Col-



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lector of Revenue in his district Mr. Fluhart suspended publication and went to Dakota and established *The Northwest*. In this last venture Mr. Fluhart's attempt to purify the community was discouraged by a fire that completely destroyed his office. His loss, which included nine Stetson hats along with the paper's mechanical equipment, completely ruined him and he returned to the east and settled in Brown County, Indiana. Aside from attacking some of our modern vagaries over his own signature Mr. Fluhart gives his whole attention to perfecting a light-running towel roller.

## **PROFESSOR ALEX TANSEY**

Occasionally we meet a fellow in some honourable walk in life who was once a dominant figure in politics, and Professor Alexander Tansey, the subject of this sketch, is a splendid example.

Professor Tansey was graduated from the Ann Arbor, Michigan, Law School after passing through all the ups and downs in the cate-

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gory of tough sledding. With an endless flow of beautiful English at his command and a



style of expression rarely encountered he soon became a powerful Democrat. One cold day in the winter of 1896 he was found in his office exhausted from hunger and almost frozen, and induced to accept a position as teacher in a school in Brown County, Indiana. During the evenings Mr. Tansey reads a little medicine and at vacation time he solicits for a work called "Gems o' Verse and Prose." He also has the exclusive rights to four counties for the Little Monitor Churn

and is a regular contributor to *Pleasant Moments* and other big Eastern publications.

# A L M A N A C K

Ther haint nothin' a woman likes  
better'n havin' somethin' charged.



Th' odor o' buckwheat an' sausage  
can't be counterfeited.



Pinky Kerr says he never had but  
one girl an' it took two fellers t' beat  
his time —workin' afternoon and night  
shifts.



Th' good ole cross-barred dried  
apple pie haint hardly ever encoun-  
tered any more, 'cept in the sparsely  
settled districts.



A kicker is nearly allus wrong.

# ABE MARTIN'S

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It must be nice t' run a boardin' house an' not have t' worry 'bout somethin' different fer dinner ever' day.



It's wonderful how well informed th' average loafer is.



Nothin' kin look as out o' place as bean soup on a black shirtwaist.



Miss Germ Williams is gettin' t' be more versatile all th' time. T'day she wrote two newspaper recipes—one fer bean salad an' one fer furniture polish.



A sympathizer is a feller that's fer you as long as it don't cost anything.

# A L M A N A C K

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A optimist is allus broke.

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I wonder who gits all th' big lumps  
o' coal?



Thanksgivin' ushers in th' open  
season fer relatives.



One good thing 'bout havin' one  
suit o' clothes — you've allus got your  
lead pencil.



Nothin's as irritatin' as th' fellow  
that chats pleasantly while he's over-  
chargin' you.



Ther's gittin t' be too many folks  
that work jist long enough t' git a suit  
o' clothes.

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Miss Mazie Bud is gittin' t' be so purty she haint got a girl friend.



A Saw Mill in Winter, a delicate little water color from th' brush o' Miss 'Tawney Apple is excitin' much favorable comment. Her ability is native as her father used t' paint targets in a shootin' gallery.



Tell Binkley says he allus hates th' first o' th' month, when we all git letters with isinglass fronts.



*March 18, 1860.* Matthew Smith, famous financier, was born in Boston, Mass. He was reared in poverty and was almost 41 years old before he raised his first two-dollar bill. He died in prison.

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Knowin' all 'bout baseball is jist 'bout as profitable as bein' a good whittler.



A roller towel wouldn' be so bad if th' landlord changed th' film oftener.



Th' feller that won't pay anythin' believes in treatin' ever'buddy alike.



Miss Germ Williams jist laughin'ly scratched her name an' address on a link o' bologna last campaign an' t'day she received a copy o' Sen. Reed Smoots' speech agin Canadian reciprocity.



# A L M A N A C K

## MISS GERM WILLIAMS

Miss Germ Williams first attracted public attention through her brilliant editorials in various poultry journals and her many valuable suggestions pertaining to farm life in America are eagerly sought and relished by people of all professions. She is the real type of the literary woman, paying little attention to her hair or the commonest rules of tidiness. She is inclined to bulkiness and straight lines and would not let a social obligation stand in the way of an onion in a thousand years. Following are a few choice selections from Miss Williams's pen:



A farmer will find patent leather shoes to be more comfortable if, before putting

# ABE MARTIN'S

them on, he breaks an egg in each one. Any kind of eggs will answer.

A croquet ground covered with fine sand will be found effective. Any kind of fine sand will do.

A celluloid collar may be cleansed by a solution of lye and emery dust. Any coarse fibre scouring brush will do.

In a country home where spaghetti is quite popular whiskers should either be abandoned entirely or closely trimmed about the mouth. Any kind of scissors will do.

The old wire spring clothespin makes a fine muffler for a guinea.

Poultry raisers will find sirloin of beef a most excellent substitute for eggs.

After selling a carload of hogs a farmer should never stop till he gets home.

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Nickel theatregoing in the cool of the evening, after a lukewarm plunge, will be found to be a splendid diversion and quite effective — especially during the plowing season.

Emerson's Essays and Plutarch's Lives may now be had in cheap but durably bound editions. Why not make the farm attractive?

The excitement of farming may be alleviated by frequent trips into the country.

The harrowing experiences of farm life are aging and inclined to make one hate the world. Whenever possible something in a lighter vein should be provided.

The inclination to quit the farm for the monotony of city life is already a serious problem for the agriculturalist. High authority has suggested a modification of the social customs — croquet being severely criti-

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cized as not only being demoralizing but brutalizing as well.

In addition to her earnings from poultry and dairy products a farmer's wife may add a snug sum to her exchequer by the cultivation of camels. The combings of these useful animals are made into brushes of the finest texture and are much in demand.

A farmer's wife may while away her long idle afternoons by the diabolo exercises, which are both exhilarating and conducive to grace and symmetry of arms and limbs.

# A L M A N A C K

What's become o' th' ole fashioned spotted coach dog that used t' snap at ever'buddy that went thro' th' livery stable?



'Bout th' only thing a newspaper don't have t' exaggerate is a automobile accident.



Uncle Niles Turner will soon be as ole as th' jokes in a woman's magazine.



Sometimes a self-made man is as poor a job as a home-made hair cut.



A newspaper picture makes any-buddy look guilty.

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A holiday allus makes th' next day  
seem like Sunday, 'cept th' front an'  
side doors o' saloons er both open.



Th' best thing 'bout a player pianner  
is that you don't have t' coax it.



One good thing about a little town—  
you kin git in th' band.



Th' principal trouble with folks  
that'll pay if they've got it is that they  
git things without havin' it.



Ever' feller has a age when he gits  
his picture took with his hat on.

# A L M A N A C K

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## Query Department

Conducted by Miss Fawn Lippincut

How may I destroy the odour of a grocery  
cigar? ETHYL.

*Answer.* By burning a trunk strap. This may be accomplished by holding small strips of the strap, cut after the fashion of cheese straws, between the thumb and index-finger, over the flame of a small oxidized brass oil burner. Place the burner on a small square mat. I suggest linoleum for the mat. Odds and ends of the same may be procured at a trifling cost at any carpet house. In the absence of linoleum use a cold buckwheat cake.



# ABE MARTIN'S

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Is it a violation of the ethics of society to kick a fellow wearing tan shoes and a frock coat? HARRY.

*Answer.* While the provocation in such an instance as you describe would be very great it would be far better to restrain yourself, if possible.

What may be used for a pink tea when sassafras is out of season? HENRIETTA.

*Answer.* The answer to your question will be found on page 10, column 3, of this paper in the issue of Monday, August 17, 1879.

I am keeping company with a young man who claims to love me. He says it doesn't cut any ice with him whether I know how to cook or not. Shall I go ahead and learn anyhow? CARMEN.

*Answer.* If the young man's age is between sixteen and twenty your mother should be in easy hailing distance. A slight knowledge of cooking will not injure you permanently.



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My husband has been offered a very lucrative position in the West. Should I give up the presidency of an Embroidery Club and go with him? MAMIE.

*Answer.* That is purely a question to be settled between yourselves. In case of a deadlock your mother might be called in consultation. She will guide you safely.

How may I keep a college athlete from kissing me if he wants to? NELL.

*Answer.* Send me a self-addressed stamped envelope.

I am very thin and inclined to whine in unguarded moments, yet I have many gentlemen admirers. Is there any accounting for infatuations? BELLE.

*Answer.* No.

I have been going with a young man for seven years. He is qualified in every way to make me a splendid husband. I try awfully hard to like him but he wears a

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set ring on the middle finger of each hand.  
What would you do? BEATRICE.

*Answer.* It is a serious failing, to be sure, but remember we all have our faults.

I am very popular but I have no evening clothes. How shall I proceed? BOB.

*Answer.* Stick to your present system.

Is there any rule for cutting steak after it has been served to you? MAUD.

*Answer.* The recipient of a piece of steak should keep one foot on the floor while cutting it.

How many terms must a postmaster serve before he becomes a gilt-edged pinochle player? CAP.

*Answer.* Two, and sometimes three.

While studying to be an artist may a student draw on his father? CLEMENT.

*Answer.* In case a young man or woman takes up the study of art without first learn-

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ing a trade it becomes necessary in the absence of other material to draw on something, although it is not at all obligatory.

Is there any way to arrange the hair that will not emphasize a retreating chin?

CHISPA

*Answer.* No

I am madly in love with a worthless gentleman but my mother objects to him. Are worthy young men ever attractive?

CAPRICE.

*Answer.* There are isolated instances.

Please tell me the most direct route to a man's heart.

LOUISE.

*Answer.* The stomach is the great division point for all lines leading to a man's heart, with side trips to the liver and lights.

Is wax-flower making a lost art?

ADELAIDE.

*Answer.* Yes, and there is no reward.

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What is considered a fair yield of turnips?

ROBERT.

*Answer.* Any kind of a turnip crop is a failure.

I am a young lady with auburn hair, seventeen years old and no blackheads. How may I profitably invest one dollar and seventy cents which I have saved?

ANNETTE.

*Answer.* Hide it where it may be reached readily. You may get a wedding invitation.

Is it proper to get married merely to have somebody to hook your back? CLARICE.

*Answer.* Make a confidant of your mother.

Can there be perfect happiness where the husband is absolutely sure of his wife's love?

GARNET.

*Answer.* No.

Is there any pinching process that will enliven pale ear lobes for an entire evening?

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How old is John Drew? May I sow larkspur out of doors? What states pay the highest salaries to school teachers under twenty and of fair quality? Name some desirable locality where there is a preponderance of men.

IONIA.

*Answer.* 1. I do not know. 2. I do not know. 3. I do not know. 4. I do not know. 5. I do not know.

I have been asked to go to a picnic with a young man who wears a belt in addition to suspenders. Would he excite comment?

FLORINEL.

*Answer.* I would forego the pleasure in this instance. The season is young and you will doubtless have other opportunities.

I am often forced to walk downtown with a neighbour who insists on discussing books. As I have beautified my home premises at an enormous expense I do not wish to sell out if I can help it. Will you please suggest something?

SAM.

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*Answer.* I would sell. Peace is worth any sacrifice.

I am often invited to attend musical treats. How may I decline and still appear appreciative.

ANNABELLE.

*Answer.* I can offer no suggestion. Be cheerful and remember that into each life some rain must fall.

Will you please suggest some pleasant remedy for the liver besides buttermilk? I am frail and do not admire it.

FANCHETTE.

*Answer.* Riding on an elephant.

I am much in the society of a young lady whose father runs a saloon where my father plays dominoes. Is she good enough for me?

CLARENCE.

*Answer.* If she is a good, shapely, sensible girl and you are fond of one another I can see no objection to your father playing dominoes — if he keeps on playing.

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Through unwise speculations my father is at last reduced to straightened circumstances. Please suggest some light, pleasant employment that will not interfere with my Swedish chest exercises. EULALIE.

*Answer.* It would be best to forego your beauty treatment until you get on a good paying basis.

I am a worthy young man of splendid habits and good prospects. I have ushered at seventeen church weddings and put up thirty-two hammocks so far this season, and yet the girls do not seem to care for me.

ERSIE.

*Answer.* Intersperse your exemplary habits with an occasional rash act.

I am regarded as being cute and witty, and yet my quieter girl friends are doing all the marrying. Is it my style of pitching or a wee mole near my upper lip that is handicapping me? VIVIAN.

*Answer.* It is probably difficult for your

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gentlemen friends to imagine you scouring a sink or turning an egg. I suggest soberer methods with just a dash of comedy here and there.

Is it permissible to hold hands with a young man who has only called on me once?

MADGE.

*Answer.* It is often necessary.

Will you please suggest some means whereby I may hasten the growth of rhubarb?

AUNT ELLA.

*Answer.* Don't force rhubarb. It will get ripe soon enough.

I have a little boy nine years old that can draw anything. Will you suggest some good art school where I may send him?

PAP.

*Answer.* You have a remarkable child. I do not know of any art school that needs him.



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Where may I buy butter colour to match any hair?                      THRIFTY FARMER.

*Answer.* Don't know. You can buy hair dye to match any butter. All druggists.

My husband buys forty-five cents worth of mixed drinks every time I send him for a five-cent loaf of bread. How long will we keep our home?                      MARGERY.

*Answer.* It takes longer to drink up some homes than it does others. Try baking your own bread

LATER.

Your kind suggestion was acted upon and our home will be sold under the hammer to-morrow,                      MARGERY

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*January 14, 1879.* Isaac Moon, prominent agriculturalist, died near Dayton, Ohio. His cultivator may still be seen standing in the open field just where he left it six months before he died.

*July 17, 1820.* Harold LeClair, actor, was born at Bucksport, Maine. LeClair first discovered that tomatoes were edible while essaying the part of Hamlet at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

*May 7, 1896.* Nathaniel Marsh Zane, aged 100 years, died at Sharp's Crossing, Ohio. He was in Chicago the week following the nomination of James G. Blaine.

# A L M A N A C K

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## TELL BINKLEY

Perhaps nobody ever contributed more lavishly to the spiritual and material up-building of his home county than Tell Binkley. Mr. Binkley has been a member of the Civic Pride Club, Commercial Club, all secret orders, humane and charity organizations and prominently mentioned twice for county treasurer, three times for county recorder and once for road supervisor. He has been especially active in Sunday school and foreign mission affairs and was the foreman of a jury some years ago in a celebrated cow case that commanded the attention of the whole country. It was through the un-



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tiring energy of Mr. Binkley that the Bean Blossom Trust Company, a home for the savings of children and widows, was properly financed and operated. Mr. Binkley was the treasurer and guiding spirit of the concern.

After wrecking the trust company Mr. Binkley resided some years at Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas (the prison at Columbus, Ohio, being overcrowded), after which he returned to his old stamping grounds. Mr. Binkley sells tornado insurance and owns a touring car.

# ALMANACK

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Mrs. Tilford Moots entertained th' Art Embroidery Club yisterday as it wuz too wet t' plow.



A slangy evangelist does about as much good as an auctioneer.



Next t' a good resturint th' hardest thing to find is yisterday's paper.



Conceit an' a tuxedo suit er often all that's necessary.



Quite a crowd gathered in front o' th' Little Gem resturint yisterday t' see a feller with a droopin' mustache eat spaghetti.

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Ther's many a slip twixt th' blue  
prints an' a new house.



It's funny women don't even absent-  
mindedly shut a car door occasionally.



Lafe Bud says he's sorry he didn't  
learn t' be a dentist so he could charge  
folks jist what he happened to need.



Constable Plum's married dorter,  
who lives in a city, went to see John  
Drew in a sack suit last night.

# ALMANACK

---



Th' whistle never blows fer mother.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Speakin' o' cafés, some fellers would eat a croquet ball if a orchestry wuz playin.'



Faint heart never won fair lady er got its change back from a box office window.



Th' fact that all our great men studied at night don't seem t' hurt th' nickel the-aters.



It seems like you can't buy anything any more that lasts as long as th' ole one.



## UNCLE NILES TURNER

While Uncle Niles Turner is a trifle over one hundred and three years old he unhesitatingly admits that, except for the scarcity



of wild turkeys, our modern way of living compares favourably in most respects to that in vogue fifty or seventy-five years ago.

Mr. Turner retains his faculties to a wonderful degree and can address a souvenir post-card without the aid of spec-

tacles. He claims to have once read a president's message and can remember when tomatoes were ornaments and trousers were lined like garden hose. It is always a pleasure to hear Mr. Turner describe the

# **ABE MARTIN'S**

---

exciting days following the introduction of rhubarb into the United States.

Although Mr. Turner brought the first organ to Indiana he is generally respected.

# A L M A N A C K

---

One good thing about livin' on a farm is that you kin fight with your wife without bein' heard.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says her objection to a tourin' car is that you can't throw th' lines around th' whip.



Ever'buddy stood up at Melodeon Hall last night when th' orchestra played "My Country, What is it t' you?"



Ez Pash asked Dr. Mops what wuz th' matter with Miss Mouldy Bud an' he said, "Oh, you wouldn't know if I could pronounce it."

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Nothin' sounds as good as your wife's singin,' whether she knows how er not.



Lafe Bud was arrested by the weights and measures inspector fer braggin' about a ten-pound baby.



Talkin' o' great authors, a hog from th' pen o' Tilford Moots brought \$47.21 yisterday.



Some folks don't seem t' have nothin' but a lot o' infermation.



Miss Tawney Apple's niece is t' be married jist as soon as her paw's able.

# A L M A N A C K

Bosko Moon died at 89 yisterday.  
He was th' first Democrat t' be well  
liked in this county.



If at first you don't succeed, let your  
hair grow an' git a broad-rimmed soft  
hat an' a windsor tie.



Mortimer Green (wet) an' wife (dry)  
Wednesdayed at Morgantown.



Some girls git all ther is out o' life  
in one summer.



You kin allus tell a travelin' sales-  
man by th' number o' seats he mon-  
opolizes.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

This is a funny ole world. Jist as soon as you git fifty er seventy-five cents saved up your shoes break on the sides.



Constant Reader, Lilac, Indianny —  
Th' little poem by Miss Fawn Lippin-  
cut, which you asked fer, is printed  
herewith:—

Oh, th' purty little birds !  
How I love t' hear them sing,  
Ez they flit from tree t' tree —  
Let me count them, one, two, three !  
Some er red an' some er blue,  
But th' red er very few.

# A L M A N A C K

## THE CHICKEN FEVER

By Ex-Editor Cale Fluhart

La Salle Montgomery, who recently traded his magnificent farm of one hundred and sixty acres of valuable broom-corn land for a poultry yard in Illinois, has written the following letter to his married daughter, Nettie:

"Meet me near the old mill with a straw hat. I have a pair of felt boots and a rain coat. Hurriedly, FATHER."

The foregoing is but one of the many tragedies directly attributable to the lure of the poultry business and tells the pathetic story of a strong, robust farmer in the prime of young manhood who became crazed from reading a poultry journal. Perfectly sane men have forsaken home and civilization in quest of gold, have resigned remunerative positions to try their hands at selling cigars or life insurance. Women, too, bright, intellectual women, have thrown away their

# **A B E M A R T I N ' S**

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social prestige and deserted their children for some foolish hobby — in all ages people have rushed frantically into this or that sometimes for gain and often for the mere gratification of some abnormal longing. But who can explain our great exodus from the legitimate channels of business into the realm of poultry culture? Can it be possible that people are influenced by what they read in this enlightened age? Can it be inspiration?



# ALMANACK

---

## POULTRY NOTES



Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Morgan start tomorrow on a tour of the world, to be gone two years. Their poultry farm will be in charge of Mr. John Alexander during their absence.—Keystone (Iowa), *Ledger*.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Aunt Mandy Crevison, of Ottumna, Iowa, only lost two chicks out of a possible seven thousand during the first five months of 1911. Her crop was sold at a fancy price before an egg was pipped.—Tyler (Ore.), *Scimitar*.

By far the most fashionable cotillion of the year was given by Mr. and Mrs. St. Obydn McDougal, White Wyandotte Place, South Island, Wednesday eve. Full settings of Indian Runner duck eggs were given as favors.—Elgin (N. H.), *Bugle*.

Count Shovelthewhisky, of St. Petersburg, Russia, is one of the many distinguished guests of the Warringtons, of Minorcas Place.—Greenfield (Kan.), *Sun*.

The Willow Dale poultry yards are for sale, as their owner, young Mr. Todd, is tired counting money.—Walnut Grove (Ohio), *Budget*.

# A L M A N A C K

The largest egg of the year was laid on our editorial desk yesterday by Henry Moon, of The Maples poultry farm. Come again, Hen.—Morristown (Minn.), *Bulletin*.

The Rev. Miles Stone, of Hurley, Wis., has traded his prize cockerel, Moses, for a handsome new 1911 torpedo-shaped racing car.—Bloom Centre (Ohio), *Telegram*.

While returning from Cliff Haven, N. J., where she had just marketed her eggs, Mrs. Sally Marsh was held up and robbed of \$3,900.—*Associated Press Dispatch*.

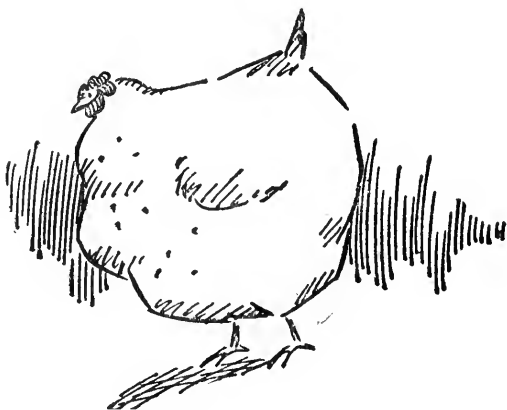
William Allen Feather, the egg baron of Barred Rock Heights, has given \$1,000,000, unconditionally, for a public library at Jonesville, Minn.

There promises to be a lively legal battle over the vast estate of the late Sam Pool, the poultryman, of Round Prairie, Ohio.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

The wife of Hampton Wedge, the multi-millionaire Shanghai breeder, has received a divorce and \$75,000 a month alimony. Mr. Wedge was awarded the custody of the chickens.— St. Paul (Ind.), *News*.



Mat Terrell, of the Ivy Leaf poultry ranch, has sold his Buff Orpington hen, Lady Decies, to a Boston fancier, for \$1,500,000.— *The Hen and Home Magazine*.

# A L M A N A C K

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Mrs. Stanhope St. Clair, a prominent society leader of Cleveland, Ohio, earned \$1,500 from twenty hens on a city lot 40 x 10, which is the sixth best showing so far for 1911.—The Galveston (Tex.), *Egg Exchange*.

Mrs. Bob Braden has sold one half interest in her poultry business to her husband, who has disposed of his bank and other valuable holdings that he may give his whole attention to the cultivation of White Leghorns.—Lisbon (Conn.), *Banner*.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

If ther's anything in th' world that ought t' fit snug it's a pair o' white stockin's.



As fer as inspiration goes ther haint much difference between th' yaller back novel and th' dollar eighteen kind, 'cept th' boys go West an th' girls go East.



Miss Fawn Lippincut says that one bad thing about white shoes is that they all look like number eights.



Once in a long, long time you meet some one that haint bein' either knocked or boosted.

# A L M A N A C K

A end-seat hog is allus somebuddy  
you don't care t' rub up ag'in.



Folks that rush in allus crawl out.



Fer every feller that goes in th'  
chicken business one fails.



People that blurt out jist what they  
think wouldn't be so bad if they  
thought.



Th' girl that runs with an easy mark  
allus marries a tightwad.



Th' farmer that used t' go home  
after th' parade now stays fer the show.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

I'll bet if ther wuz a uniform devorce law Jake Astor would have a swell uniform.



Next t' a blue tub full o' pink flowers ther haint nothin' that spoils a landscape like father settin' on th' verandy in his bare feet.



A self made man wouldn't be so bad if he'd jist keep still about it.



Some fellers er very fastidious till they come t' a free lunch. One fork makes th' whole world kin.



Th' feller with th' droopin tan moustache allus prefers it on th' cob.



# A L M A N A C K

Curt Hodges, our tonsorial artist, reports a big Saturday — one hair cut, two shaves an' a hedge.



Lafe Bud got a advertisin' circular this mornin' from a tailor that thinks he's single.



A romantic girl allus marries a scamp.



Mrs. Tilford Moot is th' mother o' seven grown children — all married 'cept six.



Look out for th' boy that buys a diamond with his first earnin's.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

If ther's anything in a feller a second wife'll git it out.



Ez Pash says th' centre o' population is in th' hairbrush at th' New Palace hut-tel.



A clerk is allus tickled t' death t' wait on th' person that drums on th' counter.



A feller kin often attract more attention by keepin' still.



Pinkey Kerr wuz able t' walk down town this mornin' fer th' first time since he smoked a se-gar he bought on a train.

# A L M A N A C K

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## LAFE BUD

Lafe Bud developed a hatred for agriculture early in life and began a commercial career by taking up with a crayon portrait house and preying on the humbler classes. He can now ride with the window down, registers from New York and can look at a bill o' fare without being seized with indecision. Mr. Bud is in his twenty-eighth year and has been married five times and still carries a cane and a pocketful of lavender buds. He has been blackballed at two suit clubs and lost his first travelling position

fiction, a coun-  
o' \$3,000 worth  
ay.

vful hard season  
t' keep her white  
elp her mother.

erence between  
what he thinks  
just what he

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

for charging five dollars for supper at Kokomo in his expense account.

Mr. Bud recently declined a splendid offer to keep books because doughnuts and Busy Bee coffee don't agree with him.

A clerk is allu  
wait on th' perso  
counter.

A feller kin ofte  
tion by keepin' st

Pinkey Kerr v  
town this mor  
since he smok

# A L M A N A C K

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Tipton Bud was jugged yisterday  
fer disturbin' th' peace while writin' a  
pustal card with a pustoffice pen.



Speakin o' Indianny fiction, a coun-  
try editur wuz robbed o' \$3,000 worth  
o' jewelry th' other day.



This has been a awful hard season  
on th' girl that's tried t' keep her white  
shoes clean an' still help her mother.



Ther haint much difference between  
th' feller that says jist what he thinks  
an' th' feller that says just what he  
thinks you think when it comes t'  
bein' a pest.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Ther's three kind o' eggs on th' market these days—fresh, strictly fresh an' those known t' be fresh.



Next t' th' average relative ther haint nothin' that sticks as tight as a stamp that's been put on by mistake.



Next t' a cantaloupe ther haint nothin' as fickle as a pop'lar girl.



When a feller gits beaten fer office he allus says his wife didn't want him t' run.



How'd you like t' be pug nosed an' have t' wear spectacles?

# ALMANACK

---



It looks like jist th' folks that ought  
t' be walkin' have automobiles.

# ABE MARTIN'S

While attendin' a Sunday school convention yisterday Tipton Bud bought three sequestered bonds.



Th' socialist party is jist around th' corner.



A onion a day keeps th' doctor away — an' others.



Ever'buddy is afraid o' boardin' house hash but a one armed feller.



Th' unusual plentifulness o' parsnips ought t' greatly reduce th' cost o' livin'—likewise the desire.



# A L M A N A C K

---

It's twice as hard t' do somethin' you ought t' do as it is t' do somethin' you can't do.



What's become o' th' fresh clerk with a glass solitaire that used t' slap you on th' back an' say, "Well, what's on your mind t'day?"



You can't even git a divorce any more without a tourin' car.



Ther's generally a false bottom in a bushel o' fun.



Th' girl that wears a hobble skirt wouldn't stoop t' do lots o' things.

# ABE MARTIN'S

Ever notice how quick a father sets his child down after he carries him into a circus fer nothin'?



Ther's lots o' difference between thrift an' tryin' t' revive a last year's straw hat.



Kindness goes a long ways lots o' times when it ought t' stay at home.



Pinky Kerr says that one o' th' best things about livin' in a E flat town is that you kin wear th' same collar all summer.

# A L M A N A C K

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## CONSTABLE NEWT PLUM

Through some unaccountable provision of nature we occasionally find some gentleman who has risen from most unhospitable soil to a position of affluence. Constable Newt Plum is a notable instance.

Club yesterday,

Mr. Plum was raised on a beautiful and remembered, but it's productive farm in weeter t' be over-the Miami River Valley in Ohio.

After exhausting the facilities of the and cross hatched elementary schools his father sent him to inseparable.

Princeton University broad jumps were the envy of all his classmates. Quitting that famous institution crowned with honours he entered the Cincinnati Law School, where he finished in fine form. Striking West to do for himself with

# ABE MARTIN'S

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only \$7,000 to tide him over in case of ill luck he found himself after a few months working as a common field hand, playing pool in the evening and saving his money through the long tedious days. He finally drifted to Brown County, Indiana, and, being a fellow who could drink or leave it alone an' tryin' it into politics. Luckily, straw hat. he was nominated and position he has held many

Kindness goes a long career in office  
times when it ought t' be once. A pair of  
times when it ought t' be from the star's  
last season during  
' Constable Plum  
wed it to the livery  
ised.

Pinky Kerr says that  
things about livin' in a  
that you kin wear th' -

# A L M A N A C K

I don't know which is th' worst, a belt with suspenders er nothin' at all.



A bookkeeper won th' bun eatin' contest at th' picnic given by th' ladies o' th' Art Imbroidery Club yisterday.



'Tis sweet t' be remembered, but it's sometimes still sweeter t' be overlooked.



Short sleeves and cross hatched elbows seem t' be inseparable.



If ther's anybuddy I can't stand fer it's th' clerk that shows you th' kind he wears.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

It's purty hard to be reminiscent without bein' soft.



Th' survivors of a seven dollar Niagary Falls excursion had a picnic at th' ole Pash farm yisterday an' some o' th' fellers stayed so long they finally danced withn their wives.



It's funny how many thoroughly honest people keep ever'thing they



Th' principal objection t' woman suffrage is th' ladies' man.

# ALMANACK

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## PROF. HARNER

Prof. Clem Harner is the sole instigator of the Brown County Silver Cornet Band, which plays on the slightest pretense. Two decades ago Prof.

Harner was identified with a number of travelling caravans and talks in the most captivating and intelligent manner about being overcome by canned tomatoes at Tombstone, Arizona, and of once spending a whole afternoon between trains at Urbana, Ohio.

Professor Harner has also shaken hands with William Jennings Bryan twenty-two times and narrowly averted hearing Hon. Charles



# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Warren Fairbanks speak at Shoals, Indiana. two years ago.

During the last campaign Professor Harner and his associate players serenaded Hon. J. Ham Lewis at a hotel at Peru, Indiana. On this occasion Mr. Lewis appeared on the balcony in pearl-coloured silk pajamas and told them a negro dialect story that they had only heard eight times.



# A L M A N A C K

Th' high cost o' livin' has put a crimp in table manners.



Nobuddy kin clean up as much in one term as th' official that didn' expect t' be elected.



Our pessimists held a indignation meetin' last night on account o' th' big cherry crop.



We still pay more fer less in spite o' th' Supreme Bench.



How'd you like t' have a relative that's a aviator an' liable t' drop in on you any time?

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

A bum pianner an' a bum pianner  
player allus git t'gether.



While fightin' fer th' custody o' a  
rich uncle yisterday Mrs. Tipton Bud  
painfully lacerated her hand on a belt  
buckle.



What's worse than gittin' all  
scrumpled down t' read an' findin' a  
page uncut?



Th' more a feller thinks he knows  
th' less money he seems t' make.

# A L M A N A C K



A loafer allus has a nickel plated pencil holder.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Jealousy is as hard t' hide as a bass drum.



Ther haint much t' a eighty-cent roast after you subtract th' rib an' th' index finger.



Speakin' o' th' high cost o' courtin', who remembers when all a feller needed wuz a narrow buggy an' a sack o' red cinnamon drops?



A state bank wuz robbed by outside parties yisterday.



Nobuddy recovers as quickly as th' feller that sells out on account o' ill health.

# A L M A N A C K

---

It's a wise newspaper reader that kin tell th' Lusitania from th' scout ship Chester.



A rich man an' his daughter er soon parted.



Th' feller that owns his own home is allus jist comin' out o' a hardware store.



Th' ole family Bible, like wax flowers an' pine cone picture frames, has been relegated.



Lafe Bud says he'd like t' be swell an' smoke at th' dinner table.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

It's mighty unfortunate that th' burnin' o' fall leaves an' th' campaign se-gar must have conflictin' dates.



Th' worst kind o' sudden adversity is gittin' married on a salary.



Miss Fawn Lippincut has got a letter from her cousin, who's travelin' with a opery troupe, sayin' that another landlord has joined th' show, greatly strengthenin' th' chorus.



Ther's allus somethin' about a good fer nothin' feller t' attract a purty girl.

# A L M A N A C K

---

## ABE MARTIN

Abe Martin was born at Roundhead, Hardin County, Ohio, some time between the first and second Seminole War. He got his early education in a general store and played a yellow clarinet in a band on Johnson's Island, Lake Erie, during the Rebellion of which we have all heard so much. After his outfit was broken up he went to Brown County, Indiana, to reside with his wife's folks. Mr. Martin votes the Democratic ticket for nothing and is a student of the film and drama. He eats sardines between the acts and boasts of having seen "The Hidden Hand" twenty-one times and Julia



# ABE MARTIN'S

Marlowe in "Pinafore" once. He says politics is just one five-cent cigar after another and that the Union was preserved so ball players could practise in the South.



# A L M A N A C K

Ex-editur Cale Fluhart talks some o' startin' a newspaper in Oklahoma, where they raise two crops o' turnips a year.



Tell Binkley paid ten cents an' took th' oriental degree in a circus side show yisterday.



Tilford Moots got a letter from a newspaper sayin' his time wuz up an' t'day he wrote his will.



Tell Binkley is still confined t' his home on account o' tire trouble.



Ther would be some sense t' a "Don't Worry Anybuddy Club."

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Uncle Ez Pash's case is puzzlin' th' doctors. He eats well an' sleeps well but don't want t' spend anything.



Talk about gittin' back t' th' constitution, a mother named her baby Martha Jane th' other day.



Uncle Niles Turner visited up t' Indynoplus last week fer th' first time in fifty years. He says that next t' th' roller towels in the leadin' hut-tels th' street cars an' soldiers' monument interested him most.

# A L M A N A C K

---

## MRS. TIPTON BUD

Mrs. Tipton Bud is a remarkable woman. She not only has five sons in the regular army, two in the navy and three who are motormen, and scattered through the East, but she still has the farm her father gave her, unencumbered, together with a very fair piano. Mrs. Bud attends to every detail of her farm personally, picking the milk with her own hands and tilling and garnering the crops. She also holds the formula for a very valuable and never-failing sheep dip that promises to revive the interest in wool. With all her many



# ABE MARTIN'S

---

business cares Mrs. Bud finds time to contribute much to the social life of the community wherein she resides, being a member of the Colonial Whist Club, the Art Embroidery Club, the Ne plus Ultra Mothers' Guild, the Corn Club, the Society for the Drainage of Arid Lands, and the Catsup Makers' Alliance.

Mrs. Bud's husband was a delegate to the Tri-state Checker Players' League Convention at Xenia, Ohio, in 1881.

# A L M A N A C K

Lots o' folks confuse bad management with destiny.



What's become o' th' ole fashioned uncompromisin' republican?



I haint mentionin' any perticular sex, but I want t' say right here that anybuddy that haint got sense enough t' shut a car door haint got sense enough t' vote.



Who remembers when box-toed alligator shoes wuz all th' rage?



A magazine never fergits to cut th' advertisin' pages.

# ABE MARTIN'S

Lib Pash has a uncle that's been a workin' man so long he don't vote at all.



Women allus say some married friend "seems" t' be happy.



Th' feller that leaves his pick up in th' air when th' whistle blows will allus be found workin' fer somebuddy else.



Too many fellers make friends jist t' sell 'em somethin'.



Nobuddy ever feels sorry fer a woman that's lost a dog.

# A L M A N A C K

---

You'll never find out your wife's true disposition till some store fails t' deliver somethin'.



Th' greatest take off on th' farmer is th' corn shredder.



Burglars broke in an' stole Mrs. Tilford Moots's garnet earrings last night. She didn' report t' th' authorities 'cause she didn' want th' constable t' track th' house up.



Mrs. Tipton Bud has bought a pianner as she is very fond o' payments.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Tell Binkley has quit work an' accepted a position.



Th' more some fellers think they amount to th' harder it is t' read ther writin'.



A rhubarb pie wouldn't be so bad if it didn't overflow its banks.



I'd hate t' be married t' a suffragette an' have t' eat Battle Creek breakfasts.



# ALMANACK

---



Where's th' girls that used t' blush?

# ABE MARTIN'S

Tryin' t' outdo a neighbor is one o  
th' pop'lar routes t' bankrupsy.



With all our modern didoes we still  
have th' ole fashioned breakfast.



A loafer allus has th' correct time.



Constable Plum's married daughter  
has only lived in a city two weeks an'  
she's had her name in th' paper four  
times—once fer gittin' hit by a auto  
an' three times fer gittin' knocked  
down by a street car.



Th' kitchens wuz open as usual on  
Mothers' Day.

# A L M A N A C K

Th' only thing that carries more baggage than a opery company is a woman travelin' with two babies.



Ever' once in a while ther's a public official that has saved enough money t' do somethin' unpopular.



Ther's allus a lot o' pants buttons mixed up with a married man's change.



Nothin' changes a feller like losin' a good job in th' fall.



Folks that you ask fer somethin' never like you as well agen.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

Father Time cuts a purty wide swath but y<sup>e</sup> ought t' be glad he haint got a twine binder.



Miss Immortelle Bud died this mornin'. Fer years she wuz th' most pop'lar girl in town—an' then she sung in public.



Whenever ther's a decision you'll allus find th' consumer in th' list o' injured.



Th' Ben Davis apple, like other four flushers, has a thick skin.



Dr. Cook haint any worse than th' feller that's jist back from Chicago.

# ALMANACK

---



A one legged woman wouldn't look half bad in a hobble skirt.

# ABE MARTIN'S

---

A feller allus picks out a suit o' clothes like he never expected t' git another one.



Miss Tawney Apple received twenty-eight votes fer queen o' th' corn show. That's lots o' relatives.



Who remembers th' ole speckled oilcloth table cover full o' slits where th' knife glanced off the round steak?



Constable Plum's married daughter haint got no children, but she's raised a fern.



Miss Fawn Lippincut is writin' a film fer th' flicker circuit.

# A L M A N A C K

Fer ever' feller what's lookin' fer  
work ther's nine hidin' from it.



Th' Commercial Club had a smoker  
last night t' celebrate th' fact that our  
death rate fer th' past year had all th'  
other towns around us skinned.



Th' reason rich men's wives haint  
happy is 'cause ther bills er paid by  
check an' they don't git t' hold out any  
change.



Tell Binkley has dropped out o' th'  
Aviators' Club



Th' roller towel at th' New Palace  
hut-tel is cracked in three places.

# ABE MARTIN'S

Mrs. Tilford Moots' strugglin' young nephew, who was admitted to the bar last spring, writes glowin'ly o' his prospects an' says he's liable t' be able t' pay fer his sign th' first year.



Nothin' goes as fer as kindness, 'cept th' butter in a dairy lunch room.



What's become o' th' standin' broad jump record since th' tourin' car got pop'lar?



Th' New Palace hut-tel asks th' indulgence o' th' travelin' public fer a few days while th' roller towel is being vulcanized.



# A L M A N A C K

---

Ther's no seat scalpers fer th' water wagon.



Nobuddy kin be as agreeable as a uninvited guest.



*The End*





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